THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"*Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*"—JESUS CHRIST.

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MISSION TO THE MUDDY IN 1858.

WRITTEN FROM THE VERBAL NARRATIVE OF ELDER IRA HATCH,
BY JAMES A. LITTLE.

Over twelve years ago, when the events recorded in this narrative occurred, the region of country watered by the lower Rio Virgen and the Muddy, and for some distance towards California, was not only a lonely, barren desert, but was made still more forbidding from being occupied by marauding Indians, who were always ready to attack the weak and defenceless traveller, and neglected no opportunity to prey upon the animals of the watchful and strong.

The brethren, who had been on the mission to the Indians in Southern Utah for several years, had formed an extensive acquaintance with these and surrounding tribes, and, when present with them, could exercise considerable influence for the protection of travellers. Of course, they were in some danger themselves, but not nearly so much as strangers. In the beginning of 1858 there was considerable travel on the road between the southern settlements of Utah and California. With the hope of making the road more secure, and of doing a little good to the Indians, Elder Ira Hatch was sent out there, in the neighborhood of the Muddy, in January 1858. He was here alone, among the savages, for two weeks, 100 miles from the nearest settlement—Fort Clara—and also from white men, except the occasional passer-by. He camped in a broken down wagon left by the side of the road by Mr. Crismon, when freighting from California. He experienced considerable difficulty in keeping his food from the Indians; he cooked it in the evening after they had retired to their own camp, and kept it concealed during the day. The Indians finally discovered his provisions, and one day, when he was busy interpreting for some travellers, they cut the sack containing them, and stole his bread and meat, leaving him only a little cheese. They endeavored to console him for his loss, by telling him he must not feel bad, for he could beg more of travellers, who would give him food when they would not to them.

To assist in passing away the lonely hours, Elder Hatch was in the habit of going daily on to a hill in sight of his wagon, to watch for teams crossing the desert. The Indians loitered round on the hills as well, and would sometimes amuse themselves by trying to arouse his fears, by pointing arrows at him, sticking them in his clothes, and telling him that they would shoot him full of arrows; then they would motion how he would bob up and down when he would run from them. By way of counter chat, he would some-

time reply, that he could shoot six of them through with his revolver, while their arrows would only stick in a little way. There was an Indian, whom Elder Hatch called Sneak—the name sufficiently indicates his character—who bothered him considerably. One morning when he was washing in the creek, a short distance off, he saw an Indian handling over his things in the wagon, and called out to him to stop it or he would whip him. When he returned to his wagon he found the Indian to be Sneak, and still at work. He tried the effect of a cut with his whip, when Sneak instantly drew his bow and Elder Hatch his revolver. Sneak evidently thought the revolver would be too much for his bow, and suffered his wrath to cool down. It was running a narrow chance for a serious quarrel, which for Elder Hatch would have been extremely dangerous.

While Elder Hatch was alone, Elders Ezra T. Benson, O. Pratt, sen., Geo. Q. Cannon, John Van Cott, Wm. Miller, Samuel Miles and others returning from missions to California passed by. They considered brother Hatch's position not only very lonely but dangerous. On their subsequent arrival at St. Clara they recommended President Hamblin to send him company, and in due time brother Thales Haskell arrived.

During the winter many interesting circumstances occurred to break the monotony of their lonely duties. Col. Thomas L. Kane and party, on their way from California to Salt Lake City, remained with them over night and a portion of the following day. He requested Elder Hatch to make a treaty with the Indians concerning a cave near the Mountain Springs. In this cave Col. Kane had placed a number of bottles of medicine, and wished it called Dr. Osborn's Cave. He desired the treaty with the Indians to stipulate, that the contents of this cave should never be disturbed, and that when a sick white man got into it he should be safe. His object was to provide a place of security for white men, on this road, to be called the Traveller's Home, and also for the Indians to get the idea that the medicines left in the cave were good only for white men. He told Elder Hatch to apply to the Indian Agent of Utah, or the Governor, for the articles which he might agree to pay the Indians in the treaty. He afterwards made the treaty as requested, and applied to Dr. Forney, then Indian Agent, for the articles to pay the Indians, but without success. He never applied to Governor Cummings.

The manner in which conversation was carried on during Col. Kane's visit was rather novel; Elder Hatch had spent so much of his time with the Indians, that he spoke English very indifferently, while Col. Kane's excellent English was almost too much for his comprehension; and while he acted as interpreter between the company and Indians, a third person had to interpret between Col. Kane and Elder Hatch. It was a subject for interesting reflection, that here, in this desert and among savages, in a little wickeup made of brush and dirt, which served to protect the meagre outfit from the weather, Col. Kane, from his luxurious home in the East, and on a mission of kindness in behalf of a persecuted people, should spend several hours in obtaining information about the characteristics and dialects of the Indians, and the geography of their unexplored country, and laying plans for the benefit of sick and defenceless travellers. But it is characteristic of the man's life, to neglect no opportunity of doing good. All seemed to regret when the time of separation arrived.

Elders Hatch and Haskill remained among these Indians until about the first of March, when they returned to their homes in the settlements.

In this desert of burning sand and rock, which a few years ago seemed totally incapable of supplying the necessaries of civilized life, are now several thriving settlements of the Saints. Many of the Indians are being taught to labor, and are learning better than to rob and murder. In these settlements the traveller finds supplies and protection, and but a few years will elapse before the past of this difficult and dangerous road will seem like a dream.—*Deseret News.*

INDIAN CHIEFS IN WASHINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 422.]

On the 7th the Indians assembled in council at the Indian Office. Secretary Cox promised food and clothing, that the whites should be kept off the reservations, but could not promise ammunition till all the Indians were at peace.

Red Cloud delivered the following speech—

"I came from where the sun sets. You were raised on chairs. I want to sit where the sun sets. [Here the Indian warrior sat upon the floor in Indian fashion and proceeded.] The Great Spirit has raised me this way. He raised me naked. I run no opposition to the Great Father who sits in the White House. I don't want to fight. I have offered my prayer to the Great Father so that I might come here safe and well. What I have to say to you, and to these men, and to my Great Father, is this: Look at me. I was raised where the sun rises, and I come from where he sets. Whose voice was first heard in this land? It was the red people who used the bow. The Great Father may be good and kind, but I can't see it. I am good and kind to the white people, and have given my lands, and have now come from where the sun sets to see you. The Great Father has sent his people out there, and left me nothing but an island. Our nation is melting away like the snow on the side of the hills, where the sun is warm; while your people are like the blades of grass in spring, when summer is coming. I don't want to see the white people making roads in our country. Now that I have come unto my Great Father's land, see if I have any blood when I return to my home. The white people have sprinkled blood on the blades of grass about the line of Fort Fetterman. Tell the Great Father to remove that fort, then we will be peaceful, and there will be no more trouble. I have got two mountains in that country—Black Hill and Big Horn. I want no roads there. There have been stakes driven in that country, and I want them removed. I have told these things three times, and I now have come here to tell them for the fourth time. I have made up my mind to talk that way. I don't want my reservation on the Missouri. Some of these people here are from there, and I know what I say. What I hear is that my children and old men are dying off like sheep. The country don't suit them. I was born at the Forks of the Platte. My father and mother told me that the land there belonged to me. From the north and the west the Red Nation has come into the Great Father's house. We are the last of the Ogallalas. We have come to know the facts from our Father, why the promises which have been made to us have not been kept. I want two or three traders that we ask for. At the mouth of Horse Creek, in 1852, there was a treaty made, and the man who made that treaty (alluding to Gen. Mitchell, who performed that service for the Government) told me the truth. Goods which have been sent out to me have been stolen all along the road, and only a handful would reach me to go among my nation. Look at me. Here I am, poor and naked. I was not raised with arms. I always want to be peaceable. The Great Spirit has raised you to read and write, and has put papers before you, but he has not raised me in that style. The men whom the President sends us, soldiers and all, have no sense and no heart. I know it to-day. I didn't ask that the whites should go through my country killing game, and it is the Great Father's fault. You are the people who should keep peace. For the railroads you are passing through my country I have not received so much as a brass ring for the land they occupy. I wish you to tell that to my Great Father. You whites make all the ammunition. What is the reason you don't give it to me? Are you afraid I am going to war? You are great and powerful, and we are only a handful. I do not want it for that purpose, but to kill game with. I suppose I must, in time, go to farming, but I can't do it right away."

Each sentence of this speech was received with loud grunts, denoting hearty applause from the Indians present.

Little Bear made a short speech complaining of bad treatment by soldiers and others while he was engaged in farming operations. Several of his young men, he said, were shot while out hunting, and that ended his corn raising. He reiterated the main features and complaints of Red Cloud's speech.

On the 9th the Indians had a council with President Grant, when they reiterated their complaints. The President said he wanted to live at peace with the Indians, he would endeavor to protect their reservation from encroachments by the whites, and would protect both Indians and whites. Fort Fetterman was for the protection of both, and might be used as a base of supplies.

A council was held at the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs June 10, Secretary Cox, Commissioner Parker, Governor Campbell of Wyoming, Ex-Commissioners Colyer and Brunot, and a number of ladies being present. Secretary Cox said their request for a trader in their own country would be granted. If they traded at Cheyenne they would have to do so with Governor Campbell. Presents would be sent to the Ogallalas if they were peaceable. Fort Fetterman could not be removed. The buffalo were getting scarcer and the Indians should begin to raise crops and raise cattle. Existing things were changing and the changes could not be prevented.

Red Cloud answered as follows—

"FATHER—I am chief of the Sioux nation and six tribes, and came here to talk plainly with my Great Father. I have not much to say. You white people look at me. Some of you have gray hairs and some are bald. It is time to reason. Look at me. You are a man of sense. You have not treated me as I ought to have been treated. When I was a young man I was poor. In a war with other nations I was in eighty-seven fights. There I received my name and was made chief of my nation. But now I am old, and am for peace. I want to raise my children just the same as you do yours. Father, I want you to listen to me. I have never quarrelled or had any trouble with the traders living in my country; but since my Great Father sent troops and put a road through my country blood has been shed there. It is not my fault, but your fault. You have not looked at me. If we had got into trouble it is not my fault. In the treaty of 1852 I was promised fifty-five years of presents. I received part of them for only ten years; afterwards they were stolen from me. I lent that road to the Government for fifty-five years. If blood has been scattered over the road it is not my fault. My Father's children learn to read, and they know these things better than I do. I was born at the mouth of the Platte. It is time my Father put a line around my country so that I may know what belongs to me. I want you to let us keep our land so we can raise our children on it. I ask you to give me traders and agents in the neighborhood of Fort Laramie. The Great Spirit did not tell us we are slaves. We have been driven far enough. We want what we ask for. The red man was raised on this land, which extended from sunrise to sunset. When anything bad happens you always put the blame on us. We cannot see it in that light. We are all of one nation. We gave lands to the whites just as we did to the children of the red nation. I do not like one thing. Fort Fetterman is expensive to the Great Father for trading. Fort Laramie is sufficient for us. We have been going there all the time. Black Bear was friendly to the whites, but the soldiers lately went out and murdered him. We want you to remove the troops so that our young men can travel and be happy. We were not allowed to go to Cheyenne. If Governor Campbell is your Superintendent there, why not instruct him to let me come in there, instead of treating me like a 'sneaky dog,' and making us strike the railroad forty miles below? In 1852, at the mouth of Horse Creek, the agent placed me with thirteen nations who gathered there. We were all pleased in the hope of getting everything we wanted, poor and rich; but we got only a handful. It was nearly all

stolen from us. After all these promises I could not put any more faith in my White Father. Therefore when, three years ago, General Sherman sent for me to come in I said, I will not come in until you remove the posts, and after you removed them I came to Fort Laramie and signed the treaty. You see before you my young men, my chiefs and soldiers. They are the best I have. I have not received anything from you for two years. When I leave here I want you to make our hearts glad, so that we may tell our people what you have done for us. I want you to take pity on my young men. I want you to put them on horseback, that they may go home with good hearts. The Governor of Wyoming Territory has not taken an interest in me. He is not looking after our welfare. He does not know my way and style. We do not wish him to be our Superintendent of Indian Affairs. We have one man here, we want him to be Superintendent—Mr. Beauvais. We ask you for another thing. We want B. B. Mills for our agent and Coffee and Bullock for our traders. The white man has got the gold out of the land which belonged to the red man. Will not the Great Father have pity on us, who have been raised with the bow and arrow? We want him to pay for the stock and property destroyed out of his own money and not out of our annuity. I am very warm and will rest a while. I will speak again before the sun sets."

Red Dog gathered up his blanket, sprang to his feet, shook hands with the Secretary and Commissioner Parker, and said—

"Look at me! I am one of the chiefs. Our people first claimed and owned this land. Some of my forefathers are buried in this land and it is my business to talk about it. My forefathers were raised the same as you were. My forefathers shook hands with the whites; they shook hands in peace. Look at all these young men. They are all our braves, our captains and generals and chiefs of our armies. I have three or four musket ball wounds on me. It is not my fault. I have come into this room offering my prayer to the Great Spirit for peace. When I looked at your flag of red and white we dropped the red and came here with the white only. Look at me and look at yourself. [Turning to Commissioner Parker he said]—We are of one blood. You are living among the whites; your color has changed but very little. When I had a father and mother they took care of me and nursed me. I want you to do the same. When my father raised me he put me on good horses and gave me leggings and moccasins. You are my father. When I leave this house I want you to do the same. When you send your men out there I do not know them. All they look at is their own interests and to see how they can cheat us. They offer us papers to sign. Our people are fools and sign them. We want Mr. Beauvais for our superintendent. He is the only man true to us. When we had a council Little Bear went there and got into trouble. The Cheyennes, they tell us, have sold our land. We want to know what right they had to sell it. Our Great Father sent out commissioners in 1852 and promised us annuities for fifty-five years, and we have only received them for a short time. Men have been sent out who have stolen all from us. Afterwards thirteen nations held a talk with you, Conquering Bear being the chief of the whole of the nations. Emigrants travelled over the country; we were peaceable. One emigrant had a lame cow, which was left behind over night, and an Indian, seeing it was abandoned, killed it. Complaint was made that the Indians had stolen his cow, when Conquering Bear, for the sake of peace, offered to pay for the cow in mules and moccasins. This proposal the emigrant refused, and went to a neighboring fort and brought back two companies of soldiers. The officer commanding asked for a surrender of the Indian. Conquering Bear pointed out the Indian, saying, 'You can go there and take him.' Instead of which the officer ordered the soldiers to fire upon Conquering Bear, and shot my chief. Though the road passed through our country we have not received even a brass ring for the land. We want you to pay us for it."

Red Cloud resumed—

"After the passage of the treaty of 1852 only one of the people the Great Father has sent out has told us the truth. It was General Smith, and whatever he has told me since is nothing but the truth. I like that man. Generals Harney, Sherman and Sanborne said Fort Fetterman should be removed, but they do not tell it straight. The troops there are all on foot. It is throwing away my Great Father's money for nothing. The officers there are not as good as those around him here; they are all whiskey drinkers. General Smith does not drink their whiskey, and therefore he can talk with our Great Father. He sends out there the whiskey drinkers because he does not want them around him here. I do not allow my nation or any white man to bring a drop of liquor into my country; if he does, that is the last of him, and his liquor too. Spotted Tail can drink as much as he pleases on the Missouri river, and they can kill one another if they choose. I do not hold myself responsible for what Spotted Tail and the traders do there. When you buy me anything with my money, I want you to buy me what is useful. I do not want dirty flour, rotten tobacco and old soldiers' clothes dyed black, such as you bought for Spotted Tail. I only tell you what is true. You have had a great war, but after it was all over you permitted the chiefs who had been fighting to come back."

Brave Bear said—

"I am seventy-five years of age; I am old. When the Great Father created us the white and the red men were all brethren, and we lived so; but now we are not; we are melting away, and the whites, who are increasing so fast and are great, are trying to crush us and leave us no hope. The Great Spirit is looking upon them, and may hereafter make them give an account of their misdeeds. The Great Spirit told me, when a chief, if you get strong and become rich you cannot take your riches with you when you die. He must have told a different thing to the white man, who is so grasping and who piles up money; he must have told them, when you die you can take all into the next world."

Brave Bear then stood up and said, with much apparent feeling—

"Do not take everything we have away, but be merciful and kind to all the Indians. There is enough for the white man and enough for the red man. In the name of those present my wish is that peace may be everlasting. I hope that you, my father, and my Great Father may have pity on us. We are ignorant and do not know anything only what the Great Spirit told us. I hope the men who have come here will receive their presents."

Secretary Cox then talked about the treaty of 1867, and that the Indians therein agreed that the railroad should be made and they would not molest it. The Secretary and the Indians then wrangled a little over the treaty, and Red Cloud said—

"This is the first time I have heard of such treaty. I never heard of it and do not mean to follow it. I want to know who was the interpreter who interpreted these things to the Indians. I know nothing about it; it was never explained to me. All the promises made in treaties have never been fulfilled. The object of the whites is to crush the Indians down to nothing. The Great Spirit will judge these things hereafter. All the words I sent never reached the Great Father. They are lost before they get here. I am chief of thirty-nine nations. I will not take the paper with me. It is all lies."

Bear-in-the-Grass said—

"The Great Spirit hears me to-day. I tell nothing but what is true when I say these words of the treaty were not explained. It was merely said the treaty was for peace and friendship among the whites. When we took hold of the pen they said they would take the troops away so we could raise children."

After the council the Indians were much depressed, and it was stated that Red Cloud wanted to commit suicide, saying he might as well die there as elsewhere, as they had been swindled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

The New York *Herald* devotes a leader to briefly and cursorily tracing back modern civilization to first principles, or rather to its origin, affirming that the tendency of events in Europe and America is toward the union of the peoples, that union is the passion of the hour, that in every man's heart the feeling is more or less strong, and that modern civilization is plainly traceable to the Jews, to the Hebrews, to Moses and the prophets, to Jacob, Isaac and Abraham. The *Herald* says—

"But our civilization is not merely European and Christian. It finds its proper root only in Judaism. We have all to confess that we owe much to Europe and a great deal to Christianity. How many of us are willing to admit that we must go beyond European teaching, beyond even Christianity, beyond the apostles and their Founder, and seek our proper fountain head in the prophets, in Moses, in Jacob, Isaac and Abraham. 'In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,' is a promise as old as the Hebrew race; and, although the Hebrew race would not, and although they have not yet seen it, the fact stands patent to all the world that through the Jewish people all nations have been b essed. Take away Christianity, and where is our modern civilization? Without Christianity what would America—what would Europe have been? But take away Judaism, and where should we have found Christianity. We must go back, therefore, not only to Calvary with all its agony and all its horrors, not only to Bethany with its sweet domestic joys, not only to the hallowed lake and the sacred mount with their simple teachings and cheering benediction, not only to Bethlehem with the babe and the angels' song and the worshipping wisdom of the East—we must go back to Jacob's toil for Rachel, to Rebecca at the well, to Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, to find the fountain-head of our modern civilization. We are all Jews, because we are or profess to be all Christians; and the time has come when we ought not to be unwilling to admit the fact. All the good that is in us is Christian; but Christianity is the offspring of Judaism. Search the wide world over, where is there aggressive force which is not Christian in its origin and in its actual character? Rather we ought to have said search the wide world over and say where is the aggressive force which is not biblical in its origin and in its actual character? Modern civilization is not New Testament alone nor Old Testament alone, but biblical, endorsing all the divine past. It listens to the sweet accents that fell from the Divine Teacher's lips on the Mount of Blessing. It trembles also—it exceedingly fears and quakes under the thunders of Sinai. This thing which we call modern civilization is divine. It connects the hopeful present with the bright spots of all the past. It connects earth with heaven. Its triumph will be the 'new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

The *Herald* man has been "getting religion" lately, and has taken unctuously to preaching, expounding, moralizing, and exhorting. If he goes on in the good work, he will soon be urging his readers to begin to do the works of Abraham, for One who spoke with authority and not as the scribes, said, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham;" and if all nations wish to be very greatly blessed they must do the works of Abraham also, and by so doing emerge into the glorious sunlight of Gospel liberty, instead of continuing to grope in the dim starlight of "modern civilization."

The Omaha "Herald" thinks Dr. Newman "will be overmatched by those Mormons on the Bible argument as sure as he lives." The Denver "News" says, "The reverend doctor is smart, but he had best make up his mind exactly what to do with the Old Testament question, or he will suffer defeat and mortification sure. It will not do to assume that the Mormon elders are fools."

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1870.

THE EMIGRATION.—A company of Scandinavian Saints are expected to leave Liverpool on the steamship *Minnesota* July 20, for New York, on their way to Utah. Any of the British Saints who intended to go on the *Manhattan*, but failed to be ready, can go on the *Minnesota*, if they wish, by informing us in time, and being in Liverpool not later than Tuesday, July 19.

The following are extracts from a letter from Elder W. C. Staines, New York, June 28—

On the railroads children from five to twelve years old go at half price; *under five*, go free. Children *five years old pay half price*. I found last year that many on board expected that those five years old did not have to pay, but that is a mistake.

I see no prospects for any further reduction of rates from here to Utah.

My office will be 8, Battery Place, in sight of Castle Gardens.

The place where the Saints meet on Sundays is 145, Grand Street, Williamsburg, N.Y.

All is peace at home, and in Washington, so said Captain Hooper yesterday.

Brother Carrington and party left for home the same evening they landed here, all well.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elder George Romney has been appointed to preside over the London, Elder Thomas Howells over the Glamorgan, Elder Thomas Woolley over the Bedfordshire, and Elder George O. Noble over the Norwich Conferences.

Elder Edward Schoenfeld has been appointed to preside over the Swiss and German Mission.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

Salt Lake City, U.T., June 15, 1870.

Elder John Jaques.

Dear Brother,—Your letter of the 17th ult. has been received. I was much interested with its contents. My letter from Toquerville, published in the STAR, which makes a reference to Elder Samuel Gould, contains an error with regard to his age. I have learned from his wife that he was in his ninety-second year, instead of his eighty-sixth as before stated. I wrote from memory, which you are aware is treacherous.

Presidents Young and Wells are on their visit to the Saints in the north, and are now in Bear Lake Valley. They have visited Soda Springs and the brethren in southern Idaho. I accompanied them by rail as far as Brigham City, where we had a most interesting meeting. About 150 brethren and sisters from Salt Lake City were present, and a general gathering of the Saints of that county, say between three and four thousand. The President and party are expected home again between this and the 25th.

The Theatre has recently been open on Saturday nights. Our enterprising fellow citizen, brother John W. Young, has got together a very fine collection of the animals, birds, minerals, fossils,

relics, manufactures and other interesting specimens of the productions of Utah, which he has on exhibition in his Museum and Menagerie. It is already a field of science and art, and is worthy of the examination of every visitor to this city. Those who visit it are not only amused but highly instructed.

Baptisms for the dead are administered every Wednesday in the font. The University of Deseret has in successful operation two branches in this city and one at Provo. The scarcity of money is severely felt, as a circulating medium, in all the settlements. The Co operative Mercantile Institutions are generally succeeding well and giving satisfaction. At Brigham City a large tannery and a woollen factory, on co-operative principles, are being erected. The corner stone of the Provo Woollen Factory was laid by Bishop Smoot a few days ago. This is also the work of a co-operative company.

We understand that at a meeting of the friends of the Methodist church in this city, held some time since, a board of council and finance, auxiliary to the M. E. church, was organized, composed of the following officers—President, Rev. G. M. Pierce; Vice-President, Judge Hawley, U.S Court; Secretary, C. C. Clements, Surveyor General; Treasurer, Judge Strickland, U.S. Court. Finance Committee; Judge Strickland, Chairman; Gen. Maxwell, U.S. Land Agent; Col. Patrick, U.S. Marshal; R. H. Robertson, Esq.; and J. M. Moore, P.M. Salt Lake City.

Governor Shaffer is East, where he went to bury his wife. He continues in feeble health, but is expected to return with his children and mother-in-law. He seems too near his grave to conscientiously be made a tool in the hands of designing knaves to oppress the innocent and violate the principles of religious liberty. Time must tell. He is unacquainted with Territorial affairs, but I am satisfied he went away from here with better impressions towards the people than when he came. Should Cullom's Bill become a law he will be beset by a hungry horde of office seekers who, like carrion birds around a herd of buffalo to await the falling of some straggler, are desirous of an office, that they may fatten themselves at the expense of industrious and constitution-loving Latter-day Saints.

Congress appears to be rather too slow on Utah affairs to suit our enemies. The ring who got up the Cullom Bill feel very impatient of delay, and seem to have vented their spleen on Acting Governor Mann and Chief Justice Wilson, having prevailed on President Grant to nominate their successors. The questions are still pending in the Senate.

Grasshoppers have made great havoc amongst the crops in the Territory. Those we raised here have got wings and have principally flown away. We are, however, subject any day to visitations from new arrivals and more hungry swarms. Sanpete is pretty thoroughly cleaned out of grain; their crops are nearly all destroyed. Cache Valley has generally escaped. Almost every settlement has been a sufferer to some extent.

Considerable numbers of visiting strangers attend worship here every Sabbath. They generally express astonishment at the beauty and good order of our city, praise the music at the Tabernacle, and go away favorably impressed. But many of them forget to tell the truth about us when they get away.

With love to yourself and the Elders around you, in which the brethren here join, and with constant prayers in your behalf, I remain your brother in the Gospel,

GEO. A. SMITH.

Beaver City, Beaver County, U.T.,
June 6, 1870.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—The people of Beaver are doing pretty well. Wheat is likely to be a rather scanty crop, on account of the grasshoppers. They have destroyed much grain, but all is right. The late frosts have destroyed much of our fruit, but what we have looks very well. The brethren all feel well, and we have good teachings every Sunday and at all other meetings.

I am thankful my labors in England were not in vain. I have offered stock

for sale to help the emigration, but money is very scarce. The mail between St. George and Salt Lake City was recently robbed of $1500. My eldest son lost some money in consequence, and he has lost a deal of time and means in trying to find out the thief, who is now waiting for his trial. My son and brother I. Hunt caught him about 100 miles west of here. This has been a drawback to us.

There is to be a sifting, and the sooner it comes the better. I hope to be able to stand every trial that may cross my path. Nothing has ever moved me yet. Come life or come death, I feel determined to serve the Lord with all my heart, mind, and strength.

The kingdom is and will be rolling on and none can hinder it, nor stop its progress. Many men from the States, not in the Church, were at the Conference. One man said that he would go home and sell out and bring his family and live among the Mormons

May the blessing of heaven rest upon you and prosper you in all your labors and your co-workers in the Church and kingdom of God, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Your brother in the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

CHARLES WILLDEN.

Salt Lake City, U.T.,
June —, 1870.

President Horace S. Eldredge.

Dear Brother,—I went on a mission to the United States last fall, and while in the city of Philadelphia I had an attack of paralysis, which took away the power of my left side. Although I have partially recovered I am still confined to my sick room, but hearing with sorrow of the course taken by some of those who come here from Europe, and as very many are acquainted with me in Britain, I thought I might do some good, even in my sick room, by again bearing my testimony through the STAR, if you think it right to publish it.

I was baptized in the town of Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 5th of November, 1840, so that I have been close on thirty years a member of this Church, and the most of that time I have been preaching the Gospel, as revealed by God in these last days, in England, Scotland, and the United States. Now, after an experience of thirty years, I bear this testimony, to all who have ever known me or heard my former teaching, and who may have heard from some of those who have come here and fallen away, things calculated to prejudice their minds against the truth, that in all these years, either before or since I came here, I have never heard one doctrine or principle taught by Brigham Young, or sanctioned as right by him, but what, if believed in as it was taught, and practiced the same way, would make men wiser, holier, and fitter for the blessings of God in this life, and lead them to eternal life hereafter. One great reason why many apostatize after they come here is because they forget that their faith should rest on the principles of truth, and they get into the society of those who have lost the Spirit of God, and will stay in their company and hear them speak evil of the Saints, of Brigham and the authorities of the Church, till their own minds are darkened, and then they begin first to doubt, then to deny the truth, and finally fall away. But my testimony, and I think I ought to know as well as any of them, is that I know, from my own experience, that Brigham Young is a devoted servant of the living God, honest, upright, and virtuous, and that his brethren who act with him are good men and men of God; that by the promises of Jesus being fulfilled to me, by the power of God following me in the discharge of my duties, and also following those who believed my testimony and obeyed the Gospel, and by the testimony of the Spirit of God within me, I do know that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true Church of the living God. This is my testimony to all men, and the greatest regret I have now is that I have not followed more closely the counsels and example shown me by these very men whom they speak evil of. But I do thank God that I can still bear testimony to His work, although it is not for works of righteousness which I have done, but by the grace of God I am what I

am, therefore I cannot begin to find fault or watch for evil in my brethren, when I can find so much that needs amendment in myself, and yet with all that I feel to love my religion, my God, His servants, and all who desire and try to do good everywhere. This is my testimony, and these are my feelings and desires.

Praying God to bless you and all who desire to help to roll on the kingdom of God, I remain your brother in the Gospel of truth,

WILLIAM GIBSON.

S. S. *Idaho*, June 26, 1870.

Dear Brother J. Jaques,—Thus far all safe and *now* all well, although we had rather a rough time for five days. Brother Carrington was not sick, because he stuck to his bed for several days.

We expect to land to-morrow at 7 a.m., and will, if possible, leave New York by the evening train.

All send kind regards to you, brother and sister Eldredge and all at 42.

Your brother,

H. YOUNG.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen, June 27, 1870.

Elder A. W. Carlson.

Dear Brother,—Having now fairly settled down in my new or rather old field of labor in the *Stjerne* Office, I feel to drop you a word or two, thanking you for your kind and pleasant society during my sojourn in Liverpool. I succeeded in finding brother Cracroft in Hull on my arrival there, and was received very kindly indeed by himself and family. Notwithstanding I was a foreigner and a perfect stranger to them, no sooner did I announce myself as an Elder from the Valley, than their arms and hearts were opened and I found myself as an old member of the family, verifying the old saying, that wherever you find the true spirit of "Mormonism" there is your home. I had also the pleasure of meeting with a few of the Hull Saints in their Hall, where I delivered my first testimony to the Gospel since I left home, in very imperfect language I fear.

I arrived in this city on Sunday, June 12, about noon, having had a very rough passage to Korsor, and two hours later I found myself in a spirited meeting of Saints on Norrebro, where I could talk more freely, in my native tongue. Pres. Jesse N. Smith was in Odense, and Elder Carl Larsen in Slagelse, when I arrived, but both returned in the evening, and my heart bounded with joy at seeing these my Valley friends again, who were enjoying the spirit of Zion and good health.

I find that old Denmark has followed the rest of the world on the downward path to destruction. Infidelity and all kinds of abomination prevail, but we as Elders will do our best to penetrate the darkness and show the honest in heart a safe and sure way to redemption.

My love to President Eldredge, brother Jaques and other friends. God bless you and all good men who apply their time and abilities for the promotion of His cause.

Affectionately,

P. O. THOMASSEN.

UTAH NEWS.

THE following are from the *Deseret News* to June 20:—

A magnificent shower of rain fell June 14.

Mr. Jennings was constructing a fountain in front of his residence.

The *News* recommends an organization for the leveeing of the Jordan.

Miss Kate Kline, of Sacramento, gave a reading from the poets, at Ballo's Hall, June 15.

The grasshoppers had been several days on the wing, and comparatively few remained in the city.

Brother E. Homer wrote from Smithfield, Cache County, that the crops there looked uncommonly promising.

John W. Young, Esq., had opened pleasure grounds for the public on Haight's Creek, near Farmington, close to the Salt Lake.

Brother D. Bonelli wrote from St. Thomas, May 29. The spring had been cool and late, but the full hurry of wheat harvest had arrived.

Thomas Knapp, condemned for murder, had been reprieved for thirty days by Acting Governor Mann, in view of commutation of sentence.

Charles Denney, Second Company N.L., won the first prize at a shooting match, June 1, at 225 yards. Good shooting was done at 600 and 700 yards.

Hon. W. H. Hooper wrote recommending the extensive rearing and protection of insect destroying birds and poultry, to keep down the grasshoppers.

Brother W. Eldington wrote that four cases of small pox had occurred at Morgan City. The patients and their families were removed to the hospital, a mile outside.

Elders Henry Rudy and George Moesser arrived from the States, June 16, accompanied by four other Saints. Elders Rudy and Moesser had been laboring in Pennsylvania.

Kanosh, chief of the Pah-vante Indians, had the little finger of his hand torn off by a rope on a wild horse. His arm became badly inflamed all the way up, and he was in a critical condition.

Bishop Callister reported crops never looked better at Corn and Meadow Creeks. The crops at Chalk Creek sink were destroyed by grasshoppers, and much damage was being done in Round Valley.

Bishop L. W. Roundy, of Kanarra, reported all well at that place, no grasshoppers, but scarcity of water, indeed all the way to Salt Lake Valley he found the streams lower than he had seen them for years.

I. M. Coombs, of Payson, reported the Female Relief Society of that place flourishing, sister B. Jane Simons president. The Society, the past year, had distributed to the needy $311 84, leaving a balance in hand of $236 05.

Elder Daniel Graves wrote June 15 that a missionary had been appointed by the Utah County Agricultural and Manufacturing Society, to visit the various settlements in the county, to lecture on agriculture, home manufacture, etc.

Brother Richard Ballantyne, of Eden City, Ogden Valley, reported the prospect for crops in that valley much better than usual, which is encouraging to the settlers after losing their crops by grasshoppers three successive years. Good health prevailed.

John Allen, son of brother Allen, 10th Ward, was drowned, June 12, in the Jordan about half a mile above the Sixth Ward Bridge. Deceased was about 13 years of age, and went into the river contrary to the wishes of his parents. The body was found on the 16th, five miles below, near the Hot Spring Lake.

President Young and party left Oxford June 10 for Soda Springs, and the latter place June 14 for Montpelier and Paris, Bear Lake Valley. A fine rain storm fell, so that they could only hold short meetings at Paris. They expected to be at St. Charles June 15. They were to hold meeting at Franklin, June 20.

Bishop C. S. Peterson wrote from Weber City, June 11, that his wife and son Alma and two other persons had been suffering from the small-pox, Alma's being the only case then standing. Most of the children and many of the grown people of the settlement were vaccinated last fall, and none of them had contracted the disease.

Elder R. V. Morris arrived from the States June 17. He passed the place shortly after the occurrence, June 15, where a train ran through a band of about 300 Indians, mounted on ponies, killing thirteen red men and as many animals. The band were crossing the Platte. The engine driver presumed they were hostile and let on extra steam.

Alvah Marion, a seven year son of brother Christopher Merkley, 17th Ward, fell from a wagon load of adobies, June 6, and the front wheel ran over his short ribs and bowels. His father picked the child up, laid him on the wagon, and when arrived at home had him anointed and administered to. In a few hours after, the child went out to play, apparently as well as ever.

L. N. B. Pritchett and Peter Christianson were fired at (six shots) from an Indian ambush three miles from Fairview, June 13. Neither were hurt, but they had a narrow escape. Brother Andrew Peterson, of the same place, while out driving the same day, with his horses, was struck by lightning. Brother Peterson was stunned and weakened. His horses were struck down and one of them was killed.

A. C. wrote from Brigham City, June 9, that though the ravages of the grasshoppers had been more extensive than usual, it was expected that there would be sufficient grain, vegetables, and fruit raised in that country to sustain the inhabitants. Four masons were at work on the woollen factory, and union and brotherly love prevailed. Horses and mules, stolen from various parts of the Territory, were sold for a low price beyond Bear River and driven to Montana.

Brothers Heywood and Redd, from Harmony, reported everything flourishing there, with prospects of good crops at all the settlements south of Cedar, where they met the first grasshoppers. At Parowan, Paragoonah, Kanosh, Meadow Creek, Fillmore and Holden the crops were looking well, and but slightly damaged with grasshoppers. The Beaver and Kanosh Indians had had a fight, resulting in two Kanosh Indians killed and one Beaver Indian wounded. The citizens of Beaver disarmed the Indians and stopped the fight, but the Kanoshes said they would fight it out in five or six weeks.

Elder A. F. McDonald wrote from Provo, June 8. On the 28th of May President A. O. Smoot laid the corner stone of the Provo Woollen Factory, and dedicated the ground, materials, &c., to the Lord, asking His blessing thereon, and upon all who would seek to aid in its erection. Speeches were made by Bishops Sheets, Tanner, Scott and Allman, and toasts and sentiments of satisfaction expressed, closing with three cheers for the success and prosperity of the work. The prospects for considerable grain being raised at Provo were encouraging, although much had been destroyed by the "hoppers."

Elder Guy M. Keysor, returning from a tour in Wasatch County, reported prospects good at Wallsburgh for doing a big dairy business; water-power churns and milk houses were becoming numerous. The meadow and grazing land and crops were suffering badly from the ravages of the 'hoppers. In Provo Valley the crops were poor, owing either to the crickets or the land not being properly plowed or seeded. Grasshoppers were plentiful south of Heberville. In Parley's Park dairy business was receiving a good share of attention; the south end of the park was about a foot deep with young crickets. One may reasonably doubt the top eighth of an inch of that foot.

Henry Roper wrote from Oak Creek, Millard County, that a new bridge had been built across the Sevier near that place, and a good road made to accommodate southern travel, materially shortening the distance from Salt Lake City to the southern counties, besides being better supplied with feed. Going north, the new road branches to the left at Holden, or Cedar Springs, thence through Oak Creek settlement, across the new bridge, through Parvant, Tintic, and Cedar Valleys, coming out on the old road near Lehi. Good road

all the way. Prospects for a good crop at Oak Creek, small grain, corn, and cane looked well, no grasshoppers, peace and good health prevailed.

Brother W. C. McGregor wrote from Parowan, May 31, "The locusts hatched out in great numbers last spring, more than enough to have swept every green thing in our fields, but the brethren turned out in force, while the hoppers were young, and trenched against them, and burned countless numbers of them with straw. It looked like Fall more than Spring to see the loads of straw going in every direction. The chickens were also used to great advantage, and our big field was dotted all over with chicken coops. Many of the brethren stayed in the field night and day, for weeks together, fighting the enemy. Very little damage has yet been done by the locusts. Our crops at present look fine, and we trust, with the blessing of our Father, to have a bountiful harvest. Yesterday and to-day we have had a beautiful rain storm."

The following are from the *Ogden Junction* to June 15—

The grasshoppers were flying westward.

A foot bridge was to be built across the Weber.

Mr. St. Clair and his adopted daughter lectured in the Theatre June 10, the former upon his travels, the latter upon education.

Elder Preston Thomas, of Bear Lake Valley, arrived at Ogden, June 14, on his return from a visit to Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee.

The Ogden Branch of the Z.C.M.I. had removed to Mr. Jennings' building on Main and Tithing Office Streets. Wholesale department up stairs.

Coal of good quality and "inexhaustible" in quantity had been discovered in the Goose Creek mountains, about 30 miles north-easterly from Humboldt Wells.

In the afternoon of June 12 Rev. R. Gaylord of Omaha, and Rev. E. E. Bayliss of Corinne, preached in the Ogden Tabernacle, on faith in God. President Farr followed.

A "bachelors' ball" came off, June 9, in Mr. Jennings' new Hall (74 by 43 feet). The ladies will be happy to hear that it was not crowded. To the credit of the baches. be it said that "good order" prevailed until 3 a.m.

Elder Agrippa Cooper, of Oxford, Cache County, returned, June 7, from his mission to the States, looking and feeling well, having enjoyed excellent health during his absence. He commenced his labors at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, preaching the Gospel to attentive audiences. He had been the means of removing a great deal of prejudice from the minds of the people there. "Wherever he went, he was 'received like a gentleman and treated like a lord.' Teams and carriages were freely furnished by the people to convey him from place to place to fill appointments to preach. He was always listened to with great attention and respect. He says the people in that section do not understand much about polygamy, and are not generally favorably disposed towards the principle, but they are entirely opposed to the Cullom Bill. They would rather fight for them, than see the Mormons again persecuted, robbed and deprived of their just rights, because they practice those religious principles which they verily believe to be true."

We have received the *Salt Lake Herald* to June 11. It is a readable, spicy, morning paper, the size of the *Ogden Junction*, but in larger type, and will doubtless become a favorite. The first number appeared June 4.

One case of small-pox at Milton.

The *Herald* gives a dig at Cragin.

The grasshoppers were flying southward.

"S. J. J." wrote that the Brigham City people excel in singing.

The Ogden Woollen Mills were turning out blankets, good and cheap.

The *Herald* recommends people not to have quartz on the brain, as it isn't healthy.

H. B. Monro was under arrest, charged with robbing the mails at Meadow City. Charles J. Taysom, his accomplice, was bailed out.

Rounds & James, of Chicago, were about to send to Salt Lake, for the *Deseret News*, a mammoth four-roller drum cylinder Taylor printing press.

Mr. Phil. Margetts wishes his friends and admirers to "be comforted" with the assurance that he hopes he has not made positively his "last appearance on any stage."

Warren Hussey, Esq., his sister, and other persons, about 45 in all, were considerably poisoned, but nobody fatally, at the Bella Union hotel, Los Angeles, June 7. Three employes were arrested on suspicion.

Bishop John Brown of Pleasant Grove reported that the grasshoppers had done little damage there, and where untouched by them the crops were looking excellent. A co-operative tannery and shoe factory were under way.

Messrs. Woodhull Bros. had commenced the construction of smelting works at Six Mile House, State Road, on Little Cottonwood Creek, expecting to have them in running order by July 4, to smelt ten to twenty tons of ore daily.

President Henry Holmes, of North Ogden, reported matters progressing in that settlement. Although the grasshoppers had been foraging considerably, the people expected to harvest sufficient grain to "do themselves." Good health and good feelings prevailed, and co-operation was a success.

SCRAPS OF NEWS.

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J. B. McKean has been confirmed Chief Justice, and C. C. Crowe Secretary, for Utah. A United States paper says Crowe is dead.——An American officer's wife refused to go with him into the Indian country, because "she had but very little hair on her head, but what she had she perferred to keep."——A Wyoming coroner's jury concluded that a certain man "died from exposure to bullets."——Miss Jenny Collins says it is the dawdling women who don't want suffrage.——Rev. Henry White, chaplain to the House of Commons, says Dickens taught Christianity with much greater effect than many priests have done No doubt of that, but it is not saying much.——The "Illustrated Times" says declension towards living by mob law is a threatening sign of the times.——The New York "World" speaks of the United States as "a republic that has its councils crammed with the spawn of electoral frauds," and says that colossal villainies, extending over whole States, are applauded as the very perfection of sound statecraft.——Paraguay has fifty women for each man. O Jemima!——Milwaukee, Wisconsin, don't want any extra session of the Legislature "as long as it takes two bushels of wheat to make a dollar."——The Boston (U.S.) "Transcript" says the history of the present Congress is short—"Nothing at this session of public concernment."——Mrs. Adele Hazlett, of Michigan, says husbands would be thunderstruck if they knew how few of their wives married them from genuine affection.——Mrs. Robert Dale Owen says more than half of the work in the world is done by women.——Shipments of California fruit over the Pacific Railroad last year were not a success. No merchant made a profit. Last year a fruit car was $1,200, now it is $950. The merchants say it must come down to $600, or else they must abandon the business.——San Francisco is to have a park, three miles long and half a mile wide, containing nine hundred and ninety-eight and eight-tenths acres.——In Cincinnati it has been decided that a white woman shall not marry a negro unless she can prove herself black.——A good old lady of Lewiston told her pastor, "There's no use preaching against the bob-tail bonnets; the women will wear 'em."——The London police have been furnished with boxing gloves, to strengthen their muscles and improve their style.——Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett are both seriously ill and their friends are alarmed.——Disastrous thunderstorms in North-east Lancashire and South Wales, July 9.